

From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 721[1,170 words]

Chapter 721 The Ultimate Battle Between the King-Phases

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Chapter 721 The Ultimate Battle Between the King-Phases

The thunderous cry pierced the sky, shaking the Wood Manor's ground. The building looked like it could collapse at any second.

Miles away in the Gessinger Villa, Homer was meditating on a boulder when he snapped open his eyes.

His gaze sharpened as he marched forward. His figure shot toward the Wood Manor like comet. His thundering voice boomed in the sky. "Jeff Leander, come out and face me!"

His roar could even shake the heavens. The sound waves continued to spread.

An invisible barrier encircled the streets between the Gessingers' seaside villa and the Wood Manor.

The public transportation and private vehicles pulled up to the curb, wondering where the public broadcast came from.

The pedestrians looked up, only to see a golden beam approaching from a distance, flitting across the streets and disappearing into the clouds.

Meanwhile, dead silence enveloped the Wood Manor.

Leander stared into the distance and sighed. "Seems like my peaceful life in Highcrest ends today."

His words took Rachel and Billy aback. They only confused them more. Before they could speak, a roar of fury boomed above their heads and echoed for a long time "Come out, Jett Leander

It came from afar, but everyone heard it loud and clear, as if it were spoken mice their ears

The crowd in the manor was stummed Then a gust of wind drove at them When they arkest up
middle aged man in a dress shirt landed on the compound, facing dowie ander

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the man would be the Ancestor of the Gessinger family.

A nine-star King Phased Gessinger was rare. It had to be Homer and nobody else.

Homer ignored the others and looked straight at Leander. A flicker of surprise flashed in his eyes, then he shook his head. "I should've expected it. There aren't many young men with such praiseworthy composure and majestic manners like yours. Only one man, Jeff Ashcroft, fits the description. Too bad I didn't recognize you sooner."

They first met at Ironwood Bar. Back then, Leander suppressed his power to hide his identity. Therefore, Homer couldn't sense a thing, so he thought Leander was an ordinary

man.

Now, Leander had unleashed his power. He could feel Leander's power surging like waves. The match he had been looking for finally showed up.

"It seems like a fight is unavoidable, doesn't it?" Leander grinned, baring his teeth.

"Why bother asking if you already know the answer?" Homer refused to take the bait. "You killed my grandson. It was a huge blow to my family's reputation in Highcrest. Now, you've even killed my family guardian. Do you think I'll let you walk away freely?"

A staredown unfolded between them, while the crowd held their breath, afraid to break the silence. They were long forgotten, because the two could only see each other. Their intimidating aura nailed the spectators to the sideline.

"I expected the fight. It's just that I didn't expect it to happen now." Leander's eyes burned with determination as he firmly said, "I owe you a favor after you helped me at the bar Therefore, I won't kill you today."

Leander's principal was killing everyone who was after his life. Since Homer helped him once, he decided that he owed Homer, although he didn't really need help in the first place

"No need for that, Jeff Let's not hold back at all. It'll only end when one of us dies. I'll see you at Ivyshore Bay"

Homer kept a poker face when he said that. Finally, a wave burst under his feet shaking the ground Then, he shot into the air and went into the distance

The others had never seen anything like this. They stared unto the sky. The miracle moments ago sull lingered in the minds

Leander paused when he remembered something After that he turned to Rachel The stubborn girl met his eyes bravely without wavering

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He hesitated for a moment and began in a low voice. "If you want to learn more about my life, come to Ivyshore Bay later. I'll show you the real me today. By then, you'll realize why we weren't meant for each other

The moment he finished his words, a blue beam blasted into the sky. He was long gone before she could answer

Arnold and Aveline were lost in their thoughts, and they mumbled, "Are they even human? Only immortals have such powers, right?"

"Not yet, but close." Richard stared into the distance and said in a deep voice, They're martial artists with destructive powers. Come on. Let's head to Ivyshore Bay. We're promised the fiercest battle between two King Phases in centuries."

Ivyshore Bay was known for its variety and high quantity of fish stocks. The fishing vessels were docked there as the fishermen lived off their catches of fish.

At that moment, countless fishing boats were out at sea. The sky had been clear and the water calm. Suddenly, a storm rose, sending huge waves after huge waves on the sea.

The fishermen were shocked. They looked up and saw a shadow appear in the sky. Then, it solidified into a man.

"What is that?" The people pointed at the figure in horror. They couldn't believe their eyes.

Just then, a blue light flashed across the sky and stopped in front of the man in the air. A young man emerged. He stood upright like a sturdy tree.

If this is what you want, Homer, I won't hold back. One of us must die today." Leander glared at Homer coldly. At that moment, he had removed his mask of an ordinary man and revealed his true self, the man who dominated the world with his strength

"Good" Homer was smiling He looked nothing like a man facing his mortal enemy Instead. he looked like he was talking to an old friend

The fisherman couldn't see what happened up there All they heard was an earth shaking explosion. The two beams clashed, and the impact pressed down like a hurricane

It for the boats like waves, pushing them back further toward the shore

No one could get anywhere near where the two fought each other

At the pier, the crowd from the Wood Manor boarded a small cruise ship

They stared at the sky, awed by the men's power Rachel kept her eyes on the blue glow in the

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sky. She was overwhelmed by emotions.

At that moment, she realized she had fallen for an extraordinary man.

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She was a witness to this historical moment. The future generation would remember it as the Ultimate Battle between the King-Phases.

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Olivia Harris is an emerging author celebrated for her captivating romantic and steamy novels. With a talent for crafting deep emotional connections and fiery chemistry between her characters, Olivia's stories offer readers an escape into worlds filled with passion, intrigue, and heart-stopping drama.

From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 722[1,291 words]

Chapter 123 The Gleamine sword

Chapter 722 The Gleaming Sword

4th a room. Watching from afar, one would take them for

spbaling against each

They then caused huge waves on the sea before Two figures finally emersed

Leander tapped his foot. The space under him cracked, as if the ground had sunven. Then he lunged forward and threw a punch

There weren't any flashy moves, but it pressed forward with invisible force like a landslide. If he had targeted a building in the city. it could have split a skyscraper in half.

Homer's body glowed as he extended a hand and grabbed the air. He met Leander head-on and counterattacked with a swing of his palm.

They exchanged blows. Every move sent a wave surging into the sky like the sea surface had been blasted.

"Skybreaker Hammer!" Homer's palm pressed forward. Leander had suppressed his power for too long, and he needed time to familiarize himself with it, so he was forced to back down.

Homer growled and reached out his arms, as if to hold something.

His Primordial Energy drew the endless essence of heaven and earth into his arms. Then, he held out his arms horizontally and jumped as he flung the gathered energy at Leander.

As it shot downward, more essence was drawn to coat it. Its size grew and grew, finally forming a massive mace.

It was a secret technique he forged in those years traveling the world to hone his skills: the Skybreaker Hammer.

The heavy head crashed down, leaving a crater in the sea. Leander looked up with a gaze as sharp as a blade. His shirt fluttered in the wind.

He gripped his right wrist and twisted it lightly, cracking his bone. Then, he threw a punch upward, driving the energy into the mace with a bang.

A shockwave rippled outward from where the energy met.

The sea churned into a raging storm. A person threw himself backward from beneath the hammer. It was Leander. He skidded dozens of feet across the water before finally catching himself.

He looked at his knuckles. A faint white mark had appeared on them.

He had reached peak Devourer Form. Although he was still a step from Devourer Treasure Form, his physique was already unheard of in this era. Even if an ICBM hit him, it would mostly injure him. Even if a nuclear bomb went off, he was confident he could survive the unimaginable heat. Nobody had ever wounded him.

Yet, his first battle with Homer left a mark on his knuckles, indicating Homer was a powerful opponent,

"A body refined to the extreme, an intimidating aura, and Primordial Energy as solid as a fortress. This is what I expected from a nine-star King Phase." Leander lamented. He had never praised an opponent before, and Homer clearly earned it.

Homer was standing at the elite King Phase. Unless a person stronger than him had been hiding the whole time, or else he could easily be unrivaled. He was a step away from transcending the realm.

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Chapter 722 The Gleaming Sword

At this point, only the Dragon Emptor, the 16 Supreme Artsters, and the Land of Nevermet, itara

He had reached a height-beyond imagination, while the people underasath him wal dangers and met hidden King Phases over the past century. I've fought the Blood Clan Werewolves, famora priests, Arayaniers merely mentale e veterans få taketak the pharaoh's guards, and have never been defeated once. Many King Phases bad died in my hands, and had mastered ani to perfection in the battles. It's quite a surprise you survived it and even came out unscathed. You sure les up to the res Sovereign.""

Homer nodded in satisfaction, reminding Leander of their first meeting. Yet now, they were archenemies One of them had to die today.

The next second, his approval vanished, replaced by murderous intent. If looks could kill, Leander would be dead already

Even the red hues of the sky hinted that that would be a bloodbath.

"No matter how strong you are, you can't stop an experienced man like me. I'll break your winning streak and restore the honor of my family."

At that, his shirt fluttered although there was no wind. Vast Primordial Energy surged out of him, painting the sky green. The waves growled underneath them.

Leander stood on the raging waves. Suddenly, a smile split his calm face. Then, his chuckle echoed in the bay.

He threw his back and let out a crazed laugh.

Finally, he looked forward, eyes burning with the will to fight. "Things are finally getting interesting."

He observed Homer. The other man's body, mind, and Primordial Energy had integrated into a refined whole. He was only a tiny step away from breaking through the King Phase.

Even Leander must admit, it was his first time feeling pressured by another opponent.

Still, the greater the pressure, the more eager he was to fight Homer.

"I've spent a month living an ordinary life. When I did that, I didn't expect to fight you when I unseal my power."

He clenched his fist. A flame danced in his palm. Then, it flared up into a blazing mass and enveloped his fist. "I'll show you proper respect by giving the best I have." His gaze sharpened, and he roared, "Infernal Dragonfire Fist."

He swung his fist covered by the Dragonfire. It shot forward fiercely like a furious dragon. As it crossed the sea, the water was vaporized by its heat.

The twisting fire dragon stretched for dozens of feet. The immense force and scorching wave rolled toward Homer.

Homer narrowed his eyes. He felt the fire dragon carrying a destructive power toward him.

"What a terrifying flame!" He sighed. His hands flew into motion, forming a seal of Primordial Energy. "Hand of Judgment!"

When he traveled to the western lands, he and the King of Red Sun had a friendly match at Solara Palace, and he learned it from the other man. The man's cultivation was below his, but the secret technique was one of the fiercest techniques in the world.

The Primordial Energy seal descended from the sky and pierced the air with popping sounds. At first, the hand was only a dozen

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wide. But it grew as it fell, blocking the sky behind it like a mountain.

The fire dragon surged toward palm. Flames gushed from its jaw and crashed straight into the giant hand

The nearly unstoppable Dragonfire could burn almost anything. The instant it struck the hand, it engulfed half of it. shrink.

Still, it didn't shatter. Sentences of sacred glyphs poured from Homer's hands to enhance the palm. No matter how hard the Dragonfire tried to break it, the palm stood between them like a wall.

Finally, the palm and fire fist shattered with a bang, causing turbulence on the sea.

Homer narrowed his eyes. At first, Leander was still familiarizing himself with his true power. But now, he could feel Leander had gotten used to his immense power and had utilized it.

Feeling Leander was fighting back, Homer was more determined to kill him.

Leander already had such monstrous power at this age. If he continued to grow, he would eventually become undefeatable.

He swore to kill a potential threat right there.

He refused to let Leander steal the spotlight.

It should be him who decided the outcome.

The buzzing of a sword rang out.

A beam of light stretched into an ancient sword in his hand.

The Gessinger family was famous for its martial arts practice.

Throughout generations, many masters skilled in occult arts were born into the family.

However, Homer, the ancestor, was different from all of them. His strongest art was neither martial nor occult, but his swordsmanship.

"Its name is Triune. I'll kill you with it today."

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From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 723[1,719 words]

Chapter 723 Persona Oblivion

"This blade is the Triune. And today, I will cut you down with it."

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Homer held the long sword, and in the sunlight, the ancient blade's edge vanished from sight entirely, as though only the hilt existed and the blade itself did not.

Yet the cold, biting presence radiating from it announced without question that this was a weapon of extraordinary sharpness, one capable of passing through iron as though it were nothing. "Is that the Triune blade?"

Richard's gaze went distant, and the words came out of him involuntarily.

Even at the great distance separating him from Leander and Homer, Richard's eyes as a Martial Sovereign were sharp enough to see it clearly. The blade vanished beneath the sunlight, its edge transparent and seemingly nonexistent, matching perfectly the descriptions recorded in the ancient texts.

"Grandpa, what is the Triune?"

Billy was no martial artist, but he knew enough of the world to be curious.

Richard didn't answer. His mind was turning over everything he'd once read about it in the old records.

Still the mind, and the Triune is forgotten. Look, and it cannot be seen. Use it, and no touch can be felt. Boundless and seamless, it passes through all things, and nothing knows it has passed.

This was the true nature of the Triune, the legendary sword of no form, once held in the keeping of the ancient Swarfus. In the age of the First Emperor, it was said that Gilfur Wreamus, deputy master of the Sect of Courtesy, had wielded it in great battle against the Eldergreens' Dark Swordsman. It was, without question, one of the most storied blades in all of recorded history.

"The Triune vanished in the early imperial era. To think it has been in the hands of one of the Gessingers' ancestors all this time."

The realization settled over Richard all at once.

"Jeff, in two hundred years, only three people have ever been worthy of facing my blade in single combat. The first was the Tiberran Living Divine, King of Red Sun. The second was the Exodian King of Sands, St. Rodis.

"And you are the third. Even if you fall here today, you have earned the right to hold your head high before this age."

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Chapter 723 Persona Oblivion

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Homer held the Triune like a god of the sword made flesh, his entire frame radiating a blade force of unmatched ferocity that seemed to want to cleave the sky itself apart. Whatever the Sword Master of Jesund was supposed to be, standing next to this man, he was nothing.

Leander showed no surprise. He had known from the very first time they met that this former imperial guard was a swordsman without equal in the current age.

"Lull Form, Void Judgment."

Homer said nothing more.

He gripped the Triune horizontally, holding what appeared to be nothing but a hilt, the scene deeply unsettling to witness. Yet the sword pressure building before him was already pressing down on the world like something that had no ceiling. He swept his arm.

A single horizontal slash rang out across the air with a sound like reality itself being divided, and a line of radiance carved itself across the sky, sweeping toward Leander.

The sword light had begun as a horizontal cut, but after crossing dozens of yards, it shifted without warning into a downward strike, descending directly toward the top of Leander's head.

Leander's vision was entirely consumed by sword light. He could feel the blade force pressing through him already, and even with his extraordinary physical resilience, the skin across his body burned as though it were being sliced apart.

He didn't step back. He brought two fingers together into a blade position and drew them through the empty air before him.

A sharp displacement of air rang out as the technique released, and a sword radiance dozens of yards wide materialized across the heavens.

This strike carried no technique behind it, only Primordial Energy poured into raw sword energy, sent directly against Homer's attack.

The two sword radiances clashed with a resonant series of impacts, and Leander's feet found purchase in the air in rapid succession as he drove himself backward, his arms shaking violently.

Homer didn't move by so much as an inch. He stepped forward and reappeared directly above Leander's head, his eyes cold beyond any human warmth, the Triune in his grip bleeding killing intent.

Lull Form. Formless Triune. Persona Oblivion. These were the three core principles he had received from the Triune Technique the moment the blade came into his possession, and the

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three combined into one was the supreme technique of the Triune Technique blade.

The Void Judgment from before had only been the First Form.

Homer's presence surged upward in a single explosive breath.

The Triune, formless and invisible, swept outward in another horizontal slash.

"Formless Triune, Realmbreaker."

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The sword radiance exploded outward, puncturing through space itself and shattering the void. Countless essence of heaven and earth surged in its wake, making the radiance stronger with every passing instant. The ocean waves churned where the sword energy struck them, roiling and churning like water brought to a furious boil.

A presence of absolute death draped itself across the world, as though this single strike could split reality at its seams.

The sword radiance came crashing down like a titanic blade swung across the open sky, and no words could contain what it meant to witness it.

The entire ocean heaved in fury, towering waves hammering the world, and every person standing at the docks went completely silent.

"Is this what divine power actually looks like?"

Rachel's eyes had gone blank, fixed entirely on the scene of upheaval unfolding before her.

She couldn't stop herself from looking toward Leander, and there was nothing in her chest but fear and desperate worry.

How was Leander supposed to take a strike capable of breaking reality itself?

"Magnificent."

Even faced with a blow that could shatter mountains and rivers, Leander couldn't hold back the quiet word.

A blue radiance expanded around him. He poured immeasurable Primordial Energy through his fingertips, and rings of blue pattern appeared and disappeared across his palm.

"Blades of Dominance, First Form, Moonless."

He said it quietly, and two fingers cut diagonally through the air. A blue-black sword energy rose skyward like a crescent, and the ocean surface caved inward in a trench dozens of yards deep where it passed, blue-black light scattering across the heavens.

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Chapter 723 Persona Oblivion

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The Blades of Dominance was a martial art Leander had recovered from a hidden cache in the northern Freezing Lands. He hadn't created it himself, but it was no weaker than anything he had developed on his own. His best estimation was that it had been passed down from a powerful figure of the ancient era. Every form within the Blades of Dominance was supreme and absolute, commanding all directions at once, more powerful than any sword technique Leander had ever encountered. At his current level of cultivation, he could only execute the first five. The remaining seven had not yet revealed themselves to him. "This martial art may not have originated in this world, but today I will use it to meet Homer's supreme sword way."

Leander said it to himself.

Since he'd obtained the Blades of Dominance, this was the first time he'd drawn on it in actual combat. Homer's mastery of the sword ran so deep that Leander simply couldn't resist meeting it blade to blade.

In the eyes of everyone watching, every one of them on the edge of shock they could no longer contain, the blue-black sword radiance and Homer's Realmbreaker strike collided head-on, and the impact detonated through the air like a force that had been waiting an age to be released.

A sound tore across the sky that no one present had ever heard before, something between shattering glass and a cannon fired at point-blank range.

Every person's vision went white with sword light, and even a martial artist of Richard's caliber had to fight to keep his eyes open.

When the radiance finally faded after more than ten seconds, every face in the crowd had gone rigid.

They could all swear on their lives that what they'd just witnessed was the most breathtaking and terrifying thing any of them had ever seen.

Two figures stood facing each other above the ocean, and beneath their feet, the sea itself had been carved in two. A trench of unfathomable depth split the water from surface to seafloor, exposing nothing but pitch darkness where the ocean floor should have been.

Leander and Homer's clash of blades had divided the ocean. What kind of power did something like that require?

"Jeff. I had no idea you were a swordsman of this caliber."

Homer felt the blade force radiating from Leander, every bit the match of his own,

and his

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Chapter 723 Persona Oblivion

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expression carried genuine shock alongside a surge of exhilaration he couldn't suppress.

He'd traveled the world for nearly two hundred years and never once found someone who could stand opposite him with a blade. Even the old generation Sword Masters of Jesund were children compared to him in any honest measure. But Leander was different. For the first time, Homer felt the presence of an actual equal, and the Triune Technique in his grip responded with a faint, eager resonance. Looking at Leander's posture, the way his fingers angled toward the sky, Homer felt his own will to fight ignite with a heat he hadn't known in a long time.

"Jeff, I don't see you as an enemy today. You are my counterpart in the way of the sword. You're the kindred spirit I've been waiting centuries to find. "And to honor that, I'll end you with the strongest technique I have."

His eyes blazed, his blade force surged without warning, and the Triune Technique finally revealed its true form. A blade thin as a dragonfly's wing caught the light and threw back a gleam of absolute cold.

Unmatched blade force coalesced around Homer, slowly taking on a tangible weight, condensing into a sword domain that encompassed the heavens and the earth. Within that domain, Homer was sovereign over all things. "Persona Oblivion, Heaven-Earth Seal!"

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From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 724[1,547 words]

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Chapter-724 Breaking Through the Sword Domain

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Chapter 724 Breaking Through the Sword Domain

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Homer stood at the center of the world and swept the Triune. A white streak blazed across the sky and sliced through the sea's surface, stretching a full 300 yards in length.

The waves parted wherever the sword pressure passed, and with each additional slash, the white radiance intensified.

He drew his fingers together in a blade seal and traced a single, smooth arc, and the line he cut through the air seemed to bisect the entire visible horizon.

Leander's two fingers pointed skyward, his own sword pressure building steadily. Each form of the Blades of Dominance surpassed the last, and every stroke held within it enough force to crack the foundations of the world. He was waiting now, letting Homer's sword pressure fully consolidate before he moved.

Homer's eyes blazed with shifting light as he stepped across empty air, the Triune moving in his hand with a weightless ease, like a sleeve catching wind.

Beneath his feet, a Tai Chi Diagram began to form between each step, expanding to dozens of yards in diameter and enclosing his space entirely. The sword pressure and blade force he'd been building settled into a fully realized sword domain.

Every inch of that domain was saturated with the concentrated energy projection of over a century of cultivation. Each individual

hread was sharp enough to shear through reinforced armor like paper.

Within this domain, Homer commanded everything. This was the culmination of his life's work with a blade, condensed into its

purest form.

Leander's gaze shifted slightly. He'd faced excellent swordsmen before. Tsaric and Enderman from Jesund were as close to once-in-a-generation sword talents as anything found on Earth, but neither of them had ever achieved what Homer had, using the blade as

channel to something beyond human.

Even Enderman, who had lived over a hundred years, couldn't compare to Homer at two hundred.

The sword domain Homer had constructed had reached a state where almost no known technique could breach it. Even eight nine star King Phase masters attacking simultaneously from the outside might not be able to crack it. Any attack directed at the domain would be cut apart and ground down by layer after layer of sword energy until nothing remained.

The ancestor of the Gessingers truly deserves that reputation."

Richard's cultivation was nowhere near this level, but the sight before him had stopped him cold regardless. A battle style that generated its own domain and reshaped the space around it was something he'd never encountered in his life. The power of the King Phase was genuinely terrifying. If Enderman from Jesund was a Sword Master then Honier was seen. Phong that sat above that title entirely. Another flash of light ignited within the sword domain.

A fierce sword cry rang out as Homer slashed with the Iruene Technique once more. The blade edge then as a dragonfly swoosh split the sunlight into multiple colors as it moved and then Homer took one step forward his gaze carrying the cold night of something that would obliterate all things, and swung.

"Persona Oblivion, Heaven Earth Seal"

The stroke itself carried no visible power it looked almost casual like an old man practicing forms in a park all surface and no

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Chapter-724 Breaking Through the Sword Domain

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weight

But in the instant it landed, everyone watching saw a stretch of ocean hundreds of yards long appear to be enclosed by a thin silver line, sealed inside a boundary.

Within that boundary, countless sword radiances churned and spun, as though ten thousand blades were tearing through the enclosed space at once, grinding down everything alive inside it until nothing survived.

"That strike is terrifying."

Richard exhaled the words quietly, and a chill moved through him that had nothing to do with the temperature.

Beside him, Rachel and the others had already been struck silent by a force that no rational framework could explain. None of

them remembered to react.

"A sword domain."

Leander found himself enclosed within the boundary in an instant, and a slight gravity settled into his expression.

Countless strands of sword energy cut across the interior of the domain in every direction. Leander pressed his two fingers

together and began moving them with relentless speed.

The domain that enclosed him stretched hundreds of yards across, and every individual sword energy inside it represented the peak of what a King Phase master could release.

His two fingers danced, striking, cleaving, and deflecting in every direction, each movement intercepting a strand of sword energy before it could reach him.

From outside, the domain looked like an encircling net filled with murderous intent, and Leander was caught inside it. But his primordial Energy and the steady release of his own sword radiances had built a small, impenetrable fortress around him, and no matter how dense or ferocious the sword energy became, he continued to meet and destroy each individual thread.

Sovereign Ashcroft is trapped inside the sword domain. He's holding for now, but he has no room to strike back. How long can a defense like that last?"

Richard watched Leander from the outside, and the worry in his eyes deepened with every passing second.

Leander stood in the air with supreme composure, directing the domain's assault through sheer force of will, his mind entirely calm.

his third form of the Triune Technique, Heaven-Earth Seal, was the greatest of the three, capable of locking down an entire space. It was the most powerful strike he'd developed across his two hundred years of walking the sword path. A century ago, a vampire prince had lost both arms and both legs inside this very domain, leaving only a torso to flee using a Blood Clan secret technique.

After a century of additional refinement, the sword domain had reached a perfection that surpassed anything he'd been capable of before, and combined with the Primal Energy of a King Phase master at its peak, he was certain that no one short of transcending the King Phase entirely could stand against it. Leander was holding on for now, but time was the ultimate weapon here. No matter how deep a King Phase master's Primordial Energy reserves ran, the domain would grind him down and kill him through sheer attrition. This was the nature of Heaven Earth Seal, a technique built for inevitable, absolute elimination. Even the Supreme Arbiter of the Arbitration Office, the Lord of Netherweb, or the Dragon King placed before him would face the same end inside this sword domain.

"Now!"

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Chapter 724 Breaking Through the Sword Domain

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A shout tore out from within the sword domain.

"Devourer Form, activate

Leander roared, and his entire defensive posture collapsed all at once. The countless sword energy strands surged toward him like a school of sharks that had caught the scent of blood, closing in from every direction with the intent to tear him apart on the spot.

Leander lowered his arms. He swept a cold gaze across the dense layering of sword energy surrounding him, and his body blazed with a sudden, blinding blue radiance.

The sound of blade meeting blade rang out in rapid, relentless succession as countless sword energy strands finally made contact with his body.

The clear, sharp resonance of that impact filled the air continuously. Leander stood

at the center of that enclosing net of sword energy, taking the full force of countless cutting strikes, and didn't move. He simply walked forward. Three deliberate steps.

"What?"

Homer's expression dropped sharply. Every single sword energy strand within his domain was capable of shearing through armored plating and splitting a tank apart. There was nothing in the physical world hard enough to withstand strikes that dense and that powerful. And yet Leander appeared completely unharmed.

Leander moved slowly under the barrage of the dense sword net, his head lifting slightly, his eyes burning with a battle intent: intense it was practically visible. He drove both feet down against the empty air with explosive force.

The condensed air beneath him detonated outward, and every sword energy strand in his immediate vicinity shattered from the

Shockwave.

His entire body launched upward and forward like an arrow loosed from a drawn string, and he broke through the boundary of 1 word domain, which spanned hundreds of yards across.

'He got out?'

Richard's face had gone pale. He couldn't begin to understand how Leander had taken that sword net at full density directly on his body and come out the other side.

'How is that possible? Jeff's body is actually that resilient?'

Homer's expression shifted sharply.

'Take this!'

Leander cleared the sword domain and fixed Homer with a cutting gaze, driving his

fist forward through the opening between

them.

There was no Primordial Energy behind the strike. It was pure, concentrated physical force, drawn from Devourer Form running at full capacity.

Trinity Strike Technique, Third Form, Earthshaker.

The strike punched a hole through space itself, a circular passage wide enough for

a person to pass through, and the fist force drove that opening directly toward the heart of Homer's sword domain.

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Chapter 724 Breaking Through the Sword Domain

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Homer felt the sheer momentum contained within that strike, and his gaze fidgeted.

Leander actually intended to break through an unrivaled sword domain with nothing but raw physical power.

Olivia Harris is an emerging author celebrated for her captivating romantic and steamy novels. With a talent for crafting deep emotional connections and fiery chemistry between her characters, Olivia's stories offer readers an escape into worlds filled with passion, intrigue, and heart-stopping drama.

From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 725[1,462 words]

Bam!

Leander threw his first punch, the force behind it roaring like a raging dragon as it slammed violently into

the sword domain.

Shing! Shing!

The instant his fist met the domain, countless streaks of sword light erupted outward. A brilliant arc of lightning seemingly split the sky, spreading from the point where fist and blade collided. Invisible shockwaves surged in all directions, rippling endlessly.

The sea churned beneath them-winds howled, clouds twisted, and towering waves surged skyward, rolling and crashing in chaotic succession. The sheer force swept across over 300 feet, and the surface of the ocean beneath their feet caved inward as if pressed into the shape of a massive bowl.

Leander's first punch had been blocked.

“Again!” Leander stepped back several paces.

Within the sword domain, Homer stood unmoving, as steady as a rock rooted deep in the earth. But Leander only grinned, slammed his foot down, and surged forward once more, throwing another punch.

"Break!" Homer remained as calm as a meditating monk, his expression unreadable. With a flicker of light, his sword flashed like a white arc as he met Leander's punch head-on.

Boom! Boom!

As if two top-tier warships were locked in a ferocious exchange of fire across the sea, water exploded into the air. Countless fish blasted skyward, torn into bloody mist, yet the two King Phase masters paid no heed, continuing their relentless assault against each other.

Each time Leander threw a punch, he was forced several yards back. In contrast, Homer didn't yield a single step.

The sword domain remained intact, and to any observer, it seemed that Leander was completely at a disadvantage-no matter what he did, he couldn't break through Homer's unmatched domain.

However, only Homer himself understood the strain he was under.

Every time Leander's fist struck, the entire domain trembled.

Though it appeared unmoved, he knew the truth-Leander's power was already shaking its very foundation. He hovered several yards above the sea, yet with every clash, the water beneath him caved in again and again, churning violently under the impact.

Rumble!

Another thunderous crash rang out as Leander was repelled once more. Yet his face broke into a wide, exhilarated grin. Suspended midair, he stomped down on nothingness and shot upward dozens of meters,

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a dragon's roar shaking heaven and earth.

"Again!"

He grabbed his right sleeve with his left hand and tore it back, his right arm swelling with muscle as raw, primal strength gathered within it.

"Trinity Strike Technique-three forms as one. Dragonfire Fist Eruption!"

With this punch, Leander fused the power of the first three forms into a single strike. His physical strength and Primordial Energy merged to their absolute peak. A dragon's shadow surged forward/before him, and faint scales seemed to shimmer across his arm, as if a true dragon had possessed him.

Screech!

A deafening roar split the sky. Leander's entire form was engulfed in blue light as a colossal dragon of Primordial Energy lashed forward, lunging at the sword domain with savage force.

Homer's eyes widened in shock. The attack came too fast-before he could even draw his sword, the dragon-shaped fist had already struck the domain.

In that instant, the sword domain-once as solid as a steel cage-finally gave way. It shattered under the assault, torn apart piece by piece as the dragon force churned through it like a raging beast diving into the

sea.

Homer's expression turned grave as he retreated rapidly. Even after breaking the domain, the fist force coiled forward like a predatory serpent, continuing its relentless pursuit.

"Stormveil Sword Art-Raging Gale!"

His blade whirled into a storm, forming a massive barrier dozens of meters wide before him. In a single breath, he unleashed 21 strikes-each one a pinnacle of ancient swordsmanship.

Even so, the incoming force remained unstoppable, like a dragon tearing through everything in its path. No matter how refined Homer's technique was, the overwhelming power crushed each streak of sword light one after another.

As he struck, he was forced back step by step. In the end, the fist force shattered all

21 sword strikes before crashing directly into the edge of his blade.

A deep hum reverberated through the air. Homer's body trembled as shockwaves exploded beneath his feet, the sea collapsing under him as he was driven back about 300 feet, leaving a long white trail across the water.

Leander stood proudly in the sky. His right sleeve had been completely torn away, and along his arm, a faint blue dragon-shaped marking flickered into view-his flesh and bones seeming as unyielding as celestial steel.

Leander's punch, unleashed with his Devourer Form fully activated, carried a

terrifying level of power Coupled with his already overwhelming Primordial Energy, even Homer's seemingly unbreakable sword domain couldn't withstand it.

"What a terrifying punch!"

Richard's eyes burned with admiration and longing. He was already a Martial Sovereign and someone countless martial practitioners looked up to and chased after. Yet compared to Leander and Homer- whose every move seemed capable of shaking heaven and earth-that was the true level of power he aspired to reach.

Homer had been blasted back about 300 feet by Leander's punch, his feet skimming over the raging wave as his gaze turned even colder.

He hadn't expected Leander to be this difficult to deal with. He had already unleashed his strongest Triune Technique and even used Heaven-Earth Seal, yet he hadn't managed to harm Leander in the slightest instead, he had been forced back by a single punch.

It seems his physical body has already reached the absolute limit of the King Phase... perhaps even surpassed it. Even fall short!

Homer let out a silent sigh. That punch-where raw physical strength and Primordial Energy fused so perfectly-was simply astonishing.

"Again!"

While Homer was still reflecting, Leander's fighting spirit surged. His figure flickered and shifted, crossing over a hundred meters in an instant as he appeared above Homer, both fists crashing down in rapid succession.

A sharp clang rang out. Homer didn't retreat even half a step, his sword flashing repeatedly. In an instant, fist force and sword light collided across the surface of Ivyshore Bay, countless bursts of energy shooting out like bolts from a drawn crossbow in every direction. Water exploded upward, forming a curtain of spray that blurred everyone's vision.

The two figures became impossible to track-only the flashes of fist/force and sword light revealed their positions. They fought from the sea into the sky, from the sky to the distant shoreline, and back again to the ocean. Everywhere they passed, everything was destroyed, shattered beyond recognition.

"This... is the world he belongs to. This is the real him!" Rachel finally understood why Leander, a mere working college student, had always seemed so different-why he remained calm and unshaken even in the face of danger. It was because he himself was extraordinary, possessing a power far beyond what ordinary people could ever imagine.

At last, the curtain of water thinned, and their figures emerged once more.

Homer held his sword horizontally, its blade shimmering with crystalline light, dazzling to behold. Across from him, Leander stood bare-armed, his muscles tightly coiled, his presence solid and unyielding

"Jeff Ashcroft, let me show you the true ultimate technique I comprehended from ancient texts!" Homer raised his sword before him. A streak of sword light shot into the sky, shattering the heavens and tearing through the clouds. "This move is called Astral Cloudblade—an art from beyond this world. More than enough to kill you!" The sword momentum Homer had been building since their first clash fully erupted in that moment.

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"An art from beyond this world?" Leander's eyes narrowed slightly. This wasn't the first time he had heard that saying-but it was the first time he had heard it spoken aloud by someone else.

Before he could think further, a piercing sword cry rang out. Radiance flooded heaven and earth as Homer slashed forward. Nine streaks of sword light shot forth, merging into one-like the only blade that existed in the world-as it exploded toward Leander.

"Trying to decide the outcome in a single move? Fine-I'll play along!"

Sensing the terrifying sword intent before him, Leander let out a teasing smile. His right fist drew back as the power of his physical body surged once more. "Trinity Strike Technique, Act Four-Dragonfall!"

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Leander had once captured a ground-dwelling dragon-serpent, and the essence of a true dragon within it had long since fused perfectly with his body.

As this punch struck, it was as if a true dragon devoured the heavens, its shadow churning the clear sky.

Boom!

One punch.

One sword.

The explosion rang out.

Before everyone's eyes, the once-invincible Ancestor of the Gessinger family had

his sword knocked from his grasp. His body was sent flying, blasted head-on by Leander's punch straight into the sea.

Colden, who had just arrived, was overwhelmed by the scene happening before him. "The ancestor... lost?"

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Olivia Harris is an emerging author celebrated for her captivating romantic and steamy novels. With a talent for crafting deep emotional connections and fiery chemistry between her characters, Olivia's stories offer readers an escape into worlds filled with passion, intrigue, and heart-stopping drama.

From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 726[1,357 words]

Chapter 726 The Aura of the imperial Phase

Colden had originally intended to head to the tide-watching rock by the seaside villao pay his respects to Homer. But when he realized Homer wasn't at the Gessinger Estate, he sensed the overwhelming force of a battle nearby and immediately rushed toward Ivyshore Bay.

They arrived by speedboat, and the moment they got there, they witnessed Homer being blasted straight into the sea by Leander's punch. The sight left them utterly horrified.

"The ancestor... lost?" Colden's expression turned ashen, despair surging in his chest.

Ever since their ancestor, Homer, had returned, he had believed their family would soon rise to new heights. Homer had been their pillar-their faith. And now, that very pillar had been shattered once again by a single punch from Leander. How could they not feel despair?

"Sovereign Ashcroft won!" Richard's face lit up with excitement.

Leander had sent Homer plunging into the sea with a single punch, even knocking the sword from his grasp. That alone proved Homer could no longer withstand the overwhelming force of Leander's fists.

"Did he... really win?" Rachel stood beside Maeve, both women finally letting out a breath of relief.

Just moments ago, Leander had seemed completely on the defensive, yet now he had turned the tables in stunning fashion.

Billy's eyes flickered. Despite being on a first-name basis with Leander, it was still a polite form of respect. Deep down, he believed his family's wealth and status far surpassed Leander's, that he held the upper hand in their social dynamic.

Only now did he realize how powerful his so-called friend truly was-he had been hiding his strength all along, calmly watching the world rise and fall around him. Arnold, on the other hand, was so ashamed he nearly wished the ground would swallow him whole. A master like Ignatius

already commanded Blood Hounds and controlled half of Highcrest's underworld, standing as an equal to the Wood family.

If someone like Leander could dominate heaven and earth itself, then what kind of untouchable existence was he?

And yet, he had once laughed and chatted with Leander, even offering him an internship at his company after graduation, promising a generous salary. Just thinking about it now made him feel utterly ridiculous.

Leander stood suspended in midair, his body brimming with stored power like a fully drawn bowstring, ready to unleash at any moment. That explosive force was beyond description.

This was the strength of the Devourer Form. He had abandoned all techniques, all mystical arts, relying solely on the perfect fusion of physical strength and Primordial Energy. This was the purest and most powerful form of force.

With a single punch or kick, he could shatter heaven and earth.

A bolt of lightning streaked across the sky, and in the distance, a mass of dark clouds pressed forward, layer upon layer, as if alive- tearing through space itself before descending over the sea.

Everyone turned their gaze upward. The clouds churned and twisted, revealing a pitch-black throne. Upon it sat a figure, one leg casually crossed, his entire body shrouded in black mist, exuding an eerie, sinister aura.

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"He was a handsome middle-aged man dressed in luxurious robes threaded with gold. His arrival caused Colden's expression to stiffen, while Richard recognized him instantly.

"That is... the High Ebon of the Taybourne Ebon Circle?"

Billy and the others were completely confused, but Richard was visibly shaken.

A core disciple of the Gessinger family standing beside Colden couldn't help but ask, "Mr. Gessinger, is that the leader of the Taybourne Ebon Circle-the same sect that used to be our family's greatest enemy?"

Colden nodded solemnly, his heart sinking further.

The Ebon Circle was the most sinister and terrifying cult in all of Taybourne, infamous for its dark sorcery and deadly curses. And the High Ebon was the most outstanding leader in the sect's 500-year history, having mastered nearly every form of witchcraft and poison techniques within it. Over a century ago, he had already stepped into the King Phase.

Back in the 17th century, Homer had clashed with the High Ebon several times, each winning some and losing some, and both had regarded the other as a mortal enemy.

Homer had dominated Highcrest, while the High Ebon ruled over Taybourne. Separated by the sea, they kept each other in check. But now, with Homer having just been blasted into the ocean by Leander Ashcroft-and another powerful enemy arriving-the

situation couldn't have been worse.

Leander tilted his head slightly and looked toward the High Ebon, his eyes narrowing with a hint of amusement.

At that moment, the High Ebon also turned his gaze toward Leander, a trace of surprise flashing through his mind, though his expression carried clear interest.

He had merely been passing through Highcrest, originally planning to return to Taybourne, when he suddenly sensed the earth- shaking clash here and hurried over to investigate.

Almost instantly, he deduced Leander's true identity and smiled. "Jeff Ashcroft? I've lived in seclusion in Taybourne, yet I've heard the name 'Iron Sovereign' many times. Seeing you today, your reputation truly isn't undeserved-even Homer Gessinger has been suppressed by you!"

There was genuine admiration in the High Ebon's tone. As an old rival, he knew better than anyone how talented and powerful Homer was. Yet Leander, a member of the younger generation, had managed to overpower him-his strength clearly surpassing Homer's. Even the High Ebon couldn't help but feel wary.

Leander didn't respond. Instead, he turned his head toward the spot where Homer had been struck into the sea. A violent surge of energy was rising from below.

Boom!

A massive wave shot skyward as Homer's figure burst out of the water, reappearing before everyone.

He was completely drenched, looking somewhat disheveled. It was clear that to withstand Leander's near-perfect punch, he had used every ounce of his strength- he hadn't even had the spare energy to maintain his energy barrier to keep the seawater off him.

Homer glanced at the High Ebon, who still sat calmly upon his throne. His eyes darkened slightly, but he chose to ignore him, turning his focus back to Leander.

"Jeff Ashcroft, I have to admit-I truly didn't expect you to be this strong! Among those in the King Phase, I've always believed I stood at the very peak, with nowhere

left to advance. But your power... has surpassed my understanding!"

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Chapter 126 The Aura of the unperial Phase

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Although he had just been sent flying by Leander's punch, there was no trace of fear or defeat in his eyes-only unwavering

confidence.

"Unfortunately, you're still within the King Phase. As long as you haven't transcended it you will die by my hand today!"

"Really?" Leander quirked a brow slightly, intrigued. "You still have a trump card?"

The way he saw it, Homer had already displayed the pinnacle of mortal swordsmanship and even used techniques from beyond this world-yet all of it had been crushed by the fusion of his Devourer Form and Primordial Energy. And still, Homer seemed confident he could kill him. That piqued Leander's curiosity. Homer didn't answer. He slowly raised both hands, and a strange ripple spread outward from his body. The sword that had been knocked away by Leander earlier was drawn back by his aura, bursting from the water and hovering above his head. "Elder Rite-Ascension!" He murmured softly.

A powerful azure radiance erupted from his body, surging into the sky as if splitting the world apart. Space itself seemed to shatter under its force, cracks spreading outward in all directions. His aura surged explosively, rising without end.

At that moment, Homer crossed his legs and sat in midair, the strange energy around him continuously pouring out.

Then, he opened his eyes.

A terrifying aura unlike anything before swept across the world. The sea itself collapsed under the pressure, sinking inward. Even fishing boats thousands of meters away were shoved violently against the docks, their steel hulls bending inward under the force.

The High Ebon, who had been calm until now, suddenly changed expression. Shock filled his face as he stared at Homer. "This is... the aura of the Imperial Phase?!"

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From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 727[1,508 words]

Chapter 727 The Power of the Pre-imperial Phase

Homer's aura completely faded. The overwhelming pressure that had been surging moments ago vanished in an instant, as if everything before had been nothing more than an illusion.

Seated cross-legged in midair, Homer slowly opened his eyes. Before, his gaze had been cold, always carrying the condescension of someone looking down on the weak. But now, whether he looked at Leander or the High Ebon, it was as if he were looking at mere ants. That shift alone shocked the High Ebon into blurting out, "Imperial Phase?"

Beyond the King Phase lay the realm known as "Imperial"-something all veteran King Phase experts understood. To transcend martial limits and proclaim oneself an Imperial expert was to step into a domain beyond the King Phase.

At that moment, his own cultivation was the same as Homer's had been earlier- both standing at the absolute peak of the King Phase, just one step away from the Imperial Phase. But now, Homer had truly broken past that boundary and entered the Imperial Phase.

In other words, during his battle with Leander, Homer had actually achieved a genuine breakthrough.

The High Ebon gasped, almost overcome with the urge to turn and flee.

Though the gap between a nine-star King Phase and the Imperial Phase seemed like a single step, in reality, it was an

insurmountable chasm.

Once one stepped into the Imperial Phase, even the most invincible expert among one-star King Phase fighters would be no more than an ant in their eyes-easily crushed with a flick of the hand.

He feared that Homer might recall their past conflicts, that old grudges would resurface, and that he might suddenly turn his attention toward him,

With Homer's current strength, even if he could resist, the price he would have to pay would be devastating.

"Imperial Phase?"

Hearing the High Ebon's shocked exclamation, a flicker of surprise crossed Leander's eyes.

It was the first time he had heard that term.

The path of martial arts had no end-Leander had always known that beyond the King Phase lay an entirely new world. And now, Homer's aura had clearly surpassed the nine-star King Phase, stepping into an unprecedented realm.

Although his aura was still somewhat unstable-his new realm not yet fully consolidated-the difference in combat power compared to before was beyond

measure.

If Homer's previous strength had been a three, now it was a ten.

"To break through in the middle of battle... and actually succeed. Homer truly deserves his reputation as a peerless martial genius In the entire world, he stands among the absolute best." Leander murmured softly.

Even though the man before him was a sworn enemy, he couldn't help but voice his admiration upon witnessing such a breakthrough.

Homer's aura fully receded as he slowly rose to his feet. He glanced first at the High Ebon, whose expression tightened as he instantly retreated several hundred feet in caution.

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Homer let out a cold snort, ignoring Kim completely as he turned back to Leander and raised one hand.

There was no Primordial Energy behind the motion, no technique, no sword art—just a simple, unadorned strike through the air.

Boom!

The very energy of heaven and earth surged wildly, gathering toward him. Within a radius of hundreds of meters, all ambient energy converged, forming a massive palm print glowing with azure light.

This giant palm contained no trace of his own Primordial Energy, yet it spanned an enormous area, covering the sky as it pressed down like a collapsing world.

"To use one's own power to command the force of heaven and earth... to fully draw upon it-this is the method of the Imperial Phase!"

The High Ebon was struck with terror, his eyes filled with disbelief.

"How is this possible?" Richard's earlier excitement froze on his face.

Just moments ago, Homer had been on the verge of defeat, blasted into the sea by Leander's punch. And yet now, it was as if he had been granted divine power, his strength more than doubling.

"The ancestor's divine might!"

On a nearby cruise ship, Colden bowed deeply, his face filled with joy. The despair from before had instantly transformed into reverence and awe.

Leander's eyes narrowed slightly, a heavy sense of caution rising within him. Facing Homer in his current state, he felt an unprecedented sense of danger.

With his Devourer Form perfected, combined with his powerful Primordial Energy and the techniques he had created and learned, Leander believed that within the King Phase, he could sweep aside anyone if he gave it his all.

But the Homer before him no longer belonged to that realm-he had already transcended the King Phase.

"I already told you, Ashcroft-you're destined to die here!" Homer's gaze was utterly indifferent.

Using the Ascension method, he had forced a breakthrough. Though he hadn't truly stepped into the Imperial Phase, he had already surpassed the King Phase-more precisely, he now stood in the realm of the Pre-Imperial Phase.

A true Imperial Phase expert could freely command the power of heaven and earth, using the essence of heaven and earth to unleash endless, inexhaustible attacks. For someone at the King Phase to challenge the Imperial Phase was no different from a mantis trying to stop a chariot.

As long as Leander hadn't stepped into the Imperial Phase, there was no way he could survive against him.

The massive hand blotted out the sky as it came crashing down. Leander's eyes sharpened, and with a low shout, he refused to retreat. His muscles bulged as he pushed both his physical body and Primordial Energy to their absolute limits, throwing out a punch.

A roar echoed like the launch of a missile, like the thunder of heavy artillery. The force tore a path across the sea's surface as it

collided with the massive hand.

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The entire world seemingly trembled. The giant palm print was driven backward by Leander's punch, but his own body was forced back dozens of meters by the recoil.

Though his punch had pushed the palm away, the massive azure hand shattered his force entirely and pressed forward once again.

"How is this possible? How did the Ancestor of the Gessinger family become this powerful all of a sudden?" Richard's heart raced.

Just moments ago, Leander had clearly held the upper hand, with Homer unable to withstand his attacks. Yet in the blink of an eye, everything had reversed—Homer's strength had surged so drastically that even Leander could barely hold him off. "Did Homer break through in the middle of the fight?"

Though Richard was far below their level, that was the only explanation he could think of.

Boom! Boom!

The massive hand continued pressing downward with overwhelming force. The sea below was crushed into a gigantic palm-shaped depression, sinking further and further.

"Three forms as one—Dragonfire Fist Eruption!" Leander threw another punch, this time pushing his power to its peak.

Boom!

A colossal blue fist, spanning hundreds of yards, streaked across the sky and slammed into the massive hand.

The two forces collided, churning the sea into violent waves as nearby cliffs crumbled and collapsed. Then, both attacks dissipated into nothingness.

Homer didn't move an inch. Leander, however, staggered back/several steps, his footing unsteady.

"He can't hold on anymore?!"

Rachel and Maeve felt their hearts leap into their throats. Just moments ago, Leander had been overwhelmingly dominant, yet now he was clearly at a disadvantage.

"Give up struggling, Ashcroft. The current you are no longer capable of standing against me. The gap between the King Phase and the Imperial Phase cannot be bridged. No matter how gifted you are, there is only one outcome—defeat and death. This is the price of opposing the Gessinger family." Homer's eyes were clear, as though he were already looking at a corpse, his voice cold and detached.

As his words fell, he stepped forward, crossing space in an instant and appearing 30 feet in front of Leander. With a casual motion, he extended a single finger.

That single point split the sea in two. The vast essence of heaven and earth condensed into a slanted blade of light that pierced deep into the ocean, stretching hundreds of yards. Seawater was forcibly drawn upward, spraying into the sky like rain, only to be sliced apart again by the same blade.

The attack came too fast-too suddenly.

In that instant, Leander gathered all his Primordial Energy, forming an indestructible energy barrier around his body, intending to take the blow head-on.

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The Power of the Pre-Imperia! Phase

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Before everyone's eyes, the strike landed directly on Leander's shoulder.

A muffled sound followed as his body was sent flying like a cannonball, carving a white streak across the sea for over 300 feet.

The water exploded as Leander emerged once more. When everyone looked closely, their expressions changed drastically.

His left shoulder was soaked in blood. The upper half of his clothing had been completely shredded, and blood streamed down his arm, dripping into the sea

below.

Everyone was shaken. Homer... injured Leander with a single strike?

Leander's left arm trembled slightly, his eyes flickering.

Since achieving the Devourer Treasure Form, this was the first time he had suffered such an injury.

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Olivia Harris is an emerging author celebrated for her captivating romantic and steamy novels. With a talent for crafting deep emotional connections and fiery chemistry between her characters, Olivia's stories offer readers an escape into worlds filled with passion, intrigue, and heart-stopping drama.

From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 728[1,416 words]

15:44 Tue, Jun 9

Chapter 728 Slay an Imperial Expert Despite All Odds

Chapter 728 Slay an Imperial Expert Despite All Odds

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Blood slid down Leander's left arm before falling into the sea below. Drawn by the scent, several bloodthirsty sharks swam in despite the raging waves, circling and weaving beneath him in search of prey.

Leander hovered several feet above the ocean, his gaze flickering slightly. This was the first time in battle that an opponent had broken through his defenses head-on.

Homer's earth-shattering strike after stepping into the Imperial Phase hadn't just shattered his Primordial Energy barrier-it had even injured his fully activated Devourer Form.

Homer stood with his hands behind his back, one hand forming a sword gesture, exuding an almost divine presence. At this moment, Leander no longer registered as a threat in his eyes.

When he noticed the three-inch-deep wound on Leander's shoulder already

beginning to heal, Homer's gaze sharpened slightly, a hint of surprise crossing his expression.

That strike, empowered by the Imperial Phase, would have slain any other King Phase expert on the spot. Yet Leander had only been heavily injured-and was already recovering. Such a formidable physical body even made Homer take notice.

"Ah!" Rachel cried out in shock, while Maeve Reyne covered her eyes, her face filled with fear.

For the first time in this battle, Leander had drawn blood. His previous advantage had vanished completely. She couldn't even imagine how she would feel if Leander were killed before her eyes.

In her mind, he had always been undefeated-a legend. But now, for the first time, she had seen him wounded.

"Ashcroft, from that single strike alone, you should already understand the gap between us." Homer's voice was calm and indifferent. With a single step, he crossed space once more, appearing in front of Leander and throwing out a simple punch.

Leander snapped back to focus, already prepared, and met it with a punch of his own.

Their fists collided, unleashing violent gusts of force. The sea beneath them caved inward, and a shockwave rolled outward with the waves, sending towering surges of water a hundred meters high.

Leander let out a muffled grunt, his body forced backward again by Homer's punch, which

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15:44 Tue, Jun 9

Chapter 728 Slay an Imperial Expert Despite All Odds

carried the weight of heaven and earth.

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As Leander retreated, Homer remained expressionless. With a flick of his hands, vast amounts of seawater surged upward, forming two massive hands over 30 feet wide that slammed toward Leander from both sides.

Though smaller than the previous palm strike, these water hands were far denser and more solid-enough to crush even several meters of steel into nothing.

"Break!"

Despite the injury to his shoulder, Leander's fighting strength remained unaffected.

Since the beginning of his journey, he had never feared any opponent. Even now, though Homer had surpassed him in both realm and power, reaching a level he could barely contend with, Leander showed not the slightest hesitation.

He brought his palms together before his chest, then pushed them outward to either side. Pale blue Primordial Energy surged forth, bracing against the incoming water hands and forcibly halting their advance.

"Seal!"

Homer showed no surprise. With a slight change in his gesture, the massive water palms suddenly dissolved, the currents splitting apart and slipping through the gaps in Leander's defense. In the next instant, they reformed into a massive sphere of water, trapping Leander within.

"This is the power of an Imperial Phase expert-commanding heaven and earth, drawing on its endless, inexhaustible force!"

The High Ebon had already begun to consider retreat. He feared that once Homer finished dealing with Leander, he would turn his attention toward him next.

At this point, Homer was truly in control of the surrounding world. No matter how powerful Leander was-his Primordial Energy as refined as any nine-star King Phase expert-human strength had its limits. The power of heaven and earth did not. No matter how fiercely Leander resisted, he would eventually be overwhelmed by Homer, who had become one with the world itself.

"Sh*t!" Richard clenched his fists tightly.

He had never imagined the battle would develop to this point. Homer breaking through in the midst of combat-this was nothing short of an unprecedented legend

in the martial world, something not seen in hundreds of years.

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Chapter 728 Slay an Imperial Expert Despite All Odds

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Richard thought of what would happen if Leander lost-the miserable fate that would soon befall the Woods-and his heart sank even deeper.

He stared fixedly at the distant sea, his phone clenched tightly in his hand. The moment Leander was defeated, he would make the call and have every member of his family leave Highcrest immediately.

"No!" Seeing Leander trapped inside the sphere of water, striking again and again yet unable to break free, Rachel's eyes shimmered with tears, her heart twisting in pain.

They hadn't known each other long-only a few days-but she had already fallen deeply for him, hopelessly in love. She knew how proud this man was. Watching him in this situation, even she couldn't help but ache for him.

"Blockhead, you can't die-you absolutely can't die here. Our future hasn't even begun yet... how can you die?" Maeve stood against the sea wind, her long hair whipping wildly around her, but she paid it no mind, her heart crying out in grief and fury.

Boom!

At last, when Leander threw his 13th punch, the massive water sphere finally shattered. But the wound on his shoulder tore open again from the strain, blood flowing once more.

"Ashcroft, the fact that you could hold out this long after I stepped into the Imperial Phase already places you beyond the limits of the King Phase. Give you another ten years, and there might be no one left in this world who could match you. Unfortunately, you killed members of my family. Choosing me as your opponent was the greatest mistake of your life!"

With a surge of sound, Homer clenched his hand. A vast sword formed from the essence of heaven and earth condensed into his grasp.

"Take your undefeated legend-one that has dominated the world for nearly a year and a half -and go down to accompany my family in death!"

Homer's expression was cold as he brought the immense sword down in a single strike. The world was swallowed in blinding white light. This slash had surpassed all imagination-even the High Ebon could only retreat another 300 feet in terror, unwilling to face its edge.

The sword light descended toward Leander.

And yet, Leander didn't move.

He made no attempt to defend, no effort to dodge. His gaze steadied, as though he had gone

still.

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15:44 Tue, Jun 9

Chapter 728 Slay an Imperial Expert Despite All Odds

Will I lose?

As the blade pressed down from above, Leander seemed unaware, murmuring softly.

+35 Free Coins

In that fleeting instant, his thoughts returned to where it had all begun to the moment his martial power had been crippled, and he had been cast out of the Ashcroft family. Everything he had gone through since then, every person he had encountered, flashed through his mind one after another.

He had fought countless battles and never once lost. No matter how strong his opponents were, he had always been certain of victory, never truly seeing anyone as a threat. He had never encountered an enemy he couldn't overcome.

Victory after victory had shaped his belief-that he would always win. He didn't consider himself invincible, but he had never truly thought about losing. But this time... he had met someone he couldn't easily defeat.

He had considered using the ancient forbidden techniques he had never revealed, ending Homer in a single strike. But even the most powerful techniques had limits when crossing realms. To suppress a nine-star King Phase opponent while still at the peak of Elite Transcendence had already been his absolute limit.

And now, Homer had stepped into the Imperial Phase-beyond what Leander could overcome through sheer force.

"Imperial Phase..."

The sword light fell, and still, Leander didn't move.

"Iron Sovereign?" He murmured the title given to him by the Divine Loom, then suddenly let out a faint smile. "I don't know if I've ever truly been undefeated... but today, I'll give it everything I have-and slay an Imperial expert despite all odds!"

In that moment, a divine light ignited in his eyes once more. A surging battle intent- greater than anything he had ever unleashed before-tore through the sky and soared into the clouds.

4/4

Olivia Harris is an emerging author celebrated for her captivating romantic and steamy novels. With a talent for crafting deep emotional connections and fiery chemistry between her characters, Olivia's stories offer readers an escape into worlds filled with passion, intrigue, and heart-stopping drama.

**From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding
Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 729[
1,886 words]**

15:46 Wed, Jun 10

Chapter 729 Breaking the Barrier, Entering the Origin Realm

363

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Chapter 729 Breaking the Barrier, Entering the Origin Realm

Rip!

With a sharp tear, the remaining scraps of clothing on Leander's upper body were shredded apart as his aura surged, revealing his perfectly sculpted physique.

As Homer's sword came slashing down, Leander neither dodged nor retreated. Instead, he stepped forward-charging straight into the blade.

"Origin Sword!"

The sword technique he had comprehended after stepping into the Origin Realm erupted once more-the same strike he had once used to destroy fifteen supersonic fighter jets.

A flash of sword light burst from within his spirit core, releasing a surge of spiritual power. Though Homer stood dozens of meters away, his mind suddenly wavered, as if he had momentarily fallen out of sync with the world itself.

By the time he snapped back to his senses, the sword light was already upon him. He hurriedly waved both hands, gathering the essence of heaven and earth into a shield to block the strike.

Leander's counterattack, launched after but arriving first, forced Homer to divert his attention. The power of his earlier descending slash was weakened as a result.

Seizing the moment, Leander's physical strength exploded. His left hand shot forward like a steel claw, gripping the edge of the sword light directly.

"Break!"

His fingers clenched, power surging through them-and the massive sword light shattered instantly under his grasp.

Leander's figure blurred as he stepped forward and shot into the sky. Blue Primordial Energy surged wildly from his body, forming a streak of light as he charged toward Homer.

"Divine Hand!"

Homer's expression didn't change. After blocking the Origin Sword, he simply pushed out with one hand.

The Divine Hand-a supreme technique once taught by the King of Red Sun from the Solara Palace in Tiberran-was already earth-shaking in its own right. But now, having stepped into the Imperial Phase, Homer's execution of it had reached a level beyond technique itself, far

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.40 Wed, Jun 10

Chapter 729 Breaking the Barrier, Entering the Origin Realm

surpassing even its original master.

"Devourer's Ninefold Path-Soul Shatter Claw!"

Leander descended, sweeping out with a claw strike.

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The claw's force cut across the Divine Hand, slicing it into four segments before both attacks dissipated into nothingness.

Leander dropped further, carrying the force of a falling mountain as he brought his foot down toward Homer's head. With his Devourer Form fully unleashed, this single stomp could have crushed an entire villa into dust.

Homer didn't move. He simply raised a finger.

At once, the sea churned violently, forming more than a dozen water tornadoes.

The tornadoes merged into one, forming a massive whip of water that lashed against the sole of Leander's foot.

Leander's body trembled as the impact forced him upward into the sky-but at the same time, the water vortex was crushed beneath his stomp.

High above, Leander launched attack after attack with relentless force. Meanwhile, Homer remained like a meditating monk, unmoved, responding to every strike with effortless ease. No matter how many killing moves Leander unleashed, Homer calmly neutralized them all, using the boundless essence of heaven and earth to block every attack.

Yet despite failing again and again, Leander showed no sign of discouragement. Each time he was pushed back, he charged forward once more-his punches and kicks growing faster and more relentless.

The High Ebon, a nine-star King Phase expert who could nearly control Taybourne's entire political landscape, watched the battle unfold in the sky with a trembling heart. "To resist the power of heaven and earth with human strength alone... If not for facing Homer, Ashcroft would truly have no equal in this world!"

He sighed with emotion. But admiration aside, Homer's power had already surpassed anything he could comprehend. No matter how strong Leander was, there was no way he could break through the terrifying defense formed by the essence of heaven and earth.

This was the might of the Imperial Phase-beyond what human strength could defy.

"Jeff Ashcroft, your defeat is already certain." He shook his head lightly.

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Chapter 729 Breaking the Barrier, Entering the Origin Realm

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Although Leander was still gritting his teeth and holding on, this kind of reckless clash-using his own Primordial Energy to oppose the power of heaven and earth- couldn't last long. Whether it was an hour, two hours, or even a few days, once his strength was exhausted and his energy dried dried up, he would be completely at Homer's mercy.

"Hmph!"

Seeing Leander charge at him again and again in a frenzy of attacks, Homer felt his status as an Imperial Phase existence being challenged.

As Leander surged forward once more, Homer waved his hand. A massive azure palm descended from the side, slamming into Leander's right shoulder.

Boom!

Leander was sent crashing downward, smashing into the sea and skidding across the surface for dozens of meters. But Homer didn't stop. In a flash, he crossed space again, his finger already pressing against Leander's chest. "Finger Shot."

Homer spoke lightly. A terrifying force erupted from his fingertip, snapping forward like a stretched rubber band recoiling. In an instant, Leander was blasted away from the sea, hurled toward the distance.

Leander spat out a mouthful of blood, his feet pounding against the surface of the water as he tried to steady himself. Each step left behind a massive footprint. He was driven all the way to the edge of the dock before finally stopping, a clear finger mark imprinted on his left chest.

"Now this is a fight!"

Despite being knocked back again and again, the fire in his eyes never dimmed. His battle intent remained fierce, his strength still pushed to its peak.

He was just about to charge back into the fray when a piercing cry rang out from behind him.

"Blockhead, stop fighting!"

It was a woman's voice.

Leander froze in response. He slowly turned around and saw Maeve standing on a cruise ship alongside Richard and the others. Beside her was Rachel, her eyes brimming with tears.

Maeve's body trembled, two streaks of tears running down her beautiful face as she cried out again and again.

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Chapter 729 Breaking the Barrier, Entering the Origin Realm

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"If you keep fighting, you'll die! I don't want you to die-if you die, how am I supposed

go

on?"

Her voice was raw with grief, filled with desperate pleading, as if she had exhausted every ounce of strength she had.

Leander's gaze tightened, and for the first time, he completely stopped moving. He stood there in silence as memories of everything since arriving in Highcrest flashed through his mind.

He had come here in search of peace-of an ordinary life. He wanted to experience normalcy, to find the opportunity to break through to the Origin Breaking Realm and reach a new level.

But after more than a month, not only had his cultivation not improved-it had even begun to regress.

Looking at Maeve's tear-streaked face and Rachel's near-desperate expression, something suddenly clicked within him. Scenes of the two of them approaching him again and again- only for him to coldly reject them-flashed through his mind.

Have I... been walking the wrong path all along?

A self-mocking smile tugged at his lips.

I came to Highcrest to cut myself off from family and friends, to live as an ordinary person for the sake of breaking into the Origin Breaking Realm. When Rachel drew close, I rejected her. When Maeve appeared, I continued to hide who I was. Everything I've done... it was all deliberate, all forced. None of it came naturally, none of it followed my heart.

He shook his head lightly.

How ridiculous... The so-called "breaking" in Origin Breaking Realm means shattering barriers, breaking free from restraints. Yet in my pursuit of that breakthrough, I've only bound myself with more and more chains, suppressing my true nature. If that's the case... how could I ever reach the Origin Breaking Realm? The more he thought about it, the more absurd it seemed. And right there, before everyone's eyes, he slowly closed his eyes.

In the distance, Homer's gaze swept over and landed on the group aboard the ship behind Leander. When he saw Richard and the others, understanding dawned. "The Woods, huh? It seems your ties to Ashcroft run quite deep. Since I'm killing him today, I might as well wipe all of you out along with him. In Highcrest, no family

can challenge the

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Chapter 729 Breaking the Barrier, Entering the Origin Realm

might of the Gessinger family!"

20 Free Coins

His voice was indifferent, his eyes filled with disdain for all living things as he slowly raised both hands toward the sky.

At that moment, the essence of heaven and earth surged violently, gathering toward his palms. Before countless horrified gazes, it condensed into a massive sphere of azure energy. The more energy poured into it, the larger it grew, until it spanned hundreds of meters-an awe-inspiring and terrifying sight.

Feeling that he had reached the limit of what he could condense, Homer let out a cold smile and swung his arms forward. The massive sphere shot toward the sea below.

It rolled across the water at a speed too fast for the eye to track, reaching the dock in an instant. As it moved, it dragged up torrents of seawater. What had originally been 300 feet wide swelled to almost 1,000 feet, becoming a monstrous mass that seemed capable of destroying everything in its path.

The sheer power contained within it made countless onlookers turn pale. If that attack struck the dock, half of it would likely be obliterated.

Leander stood directly in front of it. If the sphere landed, he would take the full force-

and everyone behind him, including Maeve and Rachel, would be reduced to

nothing.

Yet as Maeve watched the approaching mass, she felt no fear. Instead, a strange calm settled over her.

Looking at Leander-his eyes gently closed-she smiled faintly. "If I can die with him... maybe that's my kind of luck. Not every girl gets something like that."

Richard and the others, however, were filled with despair. He didn't even have time

to make the call. The sphere was almost upon them.

At that exact moment, Leander suddenly opened his eyes.

Hum...

Brilliant golden light burst from his gaze, as if piercing through heaven and earth,

breaking through all limits.

As the massive sphere came crashing down, his expression remained calm. He

uttered only a single word.

"Break."

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Chapter 729 Breaking the Barrier, Entering the Origin Realm

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Almost instantly, a thunderous sound echoed in all directions. The enormous sphere-surging with raging tides-burst apart like a balloon pierced by a needle. The explosive energy that should have devastated the dock was instead halted by

an invisible barrier just before it reached land. The remnants dissipated harmlessly into the sea.

"What?" Homer's expression changed drastically.

That attack had been the absolute limit of his power. Even ten King Phase experts

combined would have been reduced to dust by that sphere of condensed energy. Yet Leander had stopped it head-on.

"How is that possible?" He stared ahead.

Leander, golden light still blazing in his eyes, was surrounded by a mysterious,

indescribable aura-something Homer had never encountered before-as he slowly advanced toward him.

"Homer Gessinger... your performance is over." Leander's voice was cold.

In that instant, Homer felt as though he had become nothing more than an insignificant ant before him.

On November 23, 2020, above Ivyshore Bay, Leander Ashcroft officially advanced

to the Origin Breaking Realm.

6/6

Olivia Harris is an emerging author celebrated for her captivating romantic and steamy novels. With a talent for crafting deep emotional connections and fiery chemistry between her characters, Olivia's stories offer readers an escape into worlds filled with passion, intrigue, and heart-stopping drama.

From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 730[1,492 words]

Chapter 730 Amin

Chapter 730! Am the World

Teander's eyes blazed with divite light as he stood at the edge of the pie

The massive energy sphere Homer had launched was split clean down the middle by some unsatt some as dispersing outward-only to be completely blocked by an invisible-barrier beyond the dock. Everyone hettunut & Foru completely unharmed.

"How is that possible?" Homer's gaze froze.

That attack had already been the strongest he could muster after stepping into the imperial Phase. As had

battle with it in one decisive blow, yet Leander had deflected it as if it were nothing.

In the instant the sphere shattered, Homer distinctly felt a surge of overwhelming spiritual strength that made even his ironclad spirit tremble violently.

"A spiritual practitioner?" Homer narrowed his eyes slightly, shock evident across his face.

Now that he had entered the Imperial Phase, even against a spiritual practitioner, he should have been able to crush them on the spot. At this level, one didn't just command the world-one's spiritual strength could also merge endlessly with the surrounding environment, spreading alongside the essence of heaven and earth without limit, rivaling even those who specialized solety in spiritual cultivation.

Yet the burst of spiritual strength from Leander in that fleeting moment sent a chill crawling down his spine.

"Homer, your performance is over!" Leander's gaze turned cold, the battle intent he had shown earlier completely gone. The way he looked at Homer now was no different from how one would look at a swarm of ants.

It was almost unimaginable that he would show such an expression toward an Imperial Phase expert.

Sh*t!

A sudden sense of danger surged within Homer. He grabbed at the air, drawing in the essence of heaven and earth to form a barrier in front of him.

Bang!

The sea below suddenly exploded, a sharp column of water shooting upward like a condensed blade.

Crack!

The massive water sword struck the center of the barrier, and with a crisp sound, it shattered into countless fragments.

Homer's expression changed drastically as he retreated at once, but the blade still sliced across his sleeve, cutting into his arm as blood flowed freely. If he had been even a fraction slower, that strike would have severed his entire arm.

"How could this be?" Homer's face was filled with shock.

Even the High Ebon's expression changed just as drastically. He couldn't comprehend it-Homer had already advanced to the Imperial Phase and had clearly suppressed Leander earlier. So why was he now unable to even withstand a single strike?

Leander remained standing above the cruise ship, shielding Maeve and the others. He still hadn't made a single visible move, yet the sea roiled again as another flash of sword light appeared, a second water blade cutting across the air.

1/3

Chapter 730 I Am the WaHR

ommit!" Homer roared, slashing out with his pain. The essence of heaven and earth condensed into a massus green hand, attempting to block the oftack head-on.

Slash!

The water sword struck the green hand. There was no warning, no resistance-it split apart like flesh meeting a blade, clean in two. The water sword continued downward toward Homer's head.

Homer's expression shifted again as he abruptly moved sideways, covering 300 feet in an instant. The strike missed him, crashing into the sea below and splitting it apart, waves surging violently as a massive trench stretched hundreds of meters across the surface.

"This can't be!" Homer's heart skipped a beat. If he hadn't dodged in time, that strike alone would have sent him crashing into the

sea.

enter

Now that he was in the Imperial Phase, he could draw endlessly upon the essence of heaven and earth, forming one powerful attack after another without limit. But each move required him to gather that energy in advance.

Leander, on the other hand, made no movement at all-there was no buildup, no sign of preparation. Yet his attacks appeared out of nowhere, strange and unpredictable, and far more powerful than Homer's.

The High Ebon looked toward Leander in the distance. The moment he caught the golden divine light flickering within his eyes, his pupils shrank sharply. "That's... spiritual strength? Could it be

that Jeff Ashcroft's spiritual strength also broke through to a level we can't even comprehend during the battle?"

He grew more unsettled the more he thought about it. He had only come to observe from the sidelines, yet he hadn't expected to witness something this shocking. Both sides had broken through in the midst of battle, but now it was clear-Leander had the upper hand.

Leander's voice rang out calmly, "Homer, breaking through in battle and gaining control over the essence of heaven and earth- being able to wield everything around you-that's indeed powerful. Before this, I truly wouldn't have been your match. But unfortunately, you're not the only one who can break through mid-fight. I should actually thank you. This battle helped me see many things clearly and allowed my realm to evolve."

As his words fell, he merely shifted his thoughts and glanced toward Homer. Instantly, Homer felt a surge of terror. His control over the surrounding essence of heaven and earth weakened to the extreme, as if the very space around him had detached itself from him and was rejecting his existence.

"What is going on?" Homer's face twisted with shock and fury. He couldn't understand it—he had already fepped into the Imperial Phase, so how could something so unimaginable be happening?

"You can communicate with the world, control the essence of heaven and earth, and turn it into attacks," Leander said evenly. "But I... am the world. I am the master of this domain, and this world answers to me. This is the Origin Breaking Realm!"

The golden light in Leander's eyes gradually faded, returning to normal, yet not a single person dared to meet his gaze.

He took a single step forward-and vanished into thin air, reappearing instantly in front of Homer. It was a move strikingly similar to the transportation Homer had used earlier, but while Homer could only cross a distance of around 300 feet, Leander covered almost 1,000 feet in a single step, far beyond comparison.

Bang!

The moment he appeared, Leander threw a punch. The force of his physical body and Primordial Energy erupted together, slamming directly into Homer's chest.

2/3

Chapter 13011 Am the Worl

Homer coughed up a mouthful of blood as his protective energy barrier shattered under the blow the tried to draw upon the essence of heaven and earth to resist, but realized he could no longer.com. of this spareat all-it was as if it had been shipped away from him.

Leander's punch sent him flying dozens of meters away. Shock filled Homer's eyes as layers of Primordial Energy surged around him, forming thousands of condensed sword energies.

"Myriad Worlds!"

Homer didn't know what had happened, but he understood one thing his control over the surrounding essence of heaven and earth had been completely taken from him by Leander through some unknown method. He could no longer rely on the heavens and earth. Now, he would fight purely with the strength of his Imperial Phase.

He had once been an imperial guard of the 17th century, the foremost swordmaster of his time. His understanding of the sword was unmatched-even Enderman Briggs-Higgins, known as the Sword Master of Jesund, could not compare to him. Since reaching the King Phase, he had been searching for a way to transcend it. Over a century of wandering, he had nurtured a single strand of sword energy within his spiritual sea, cultivating it for 100 years.

Now, after stepping into the Imperial Phase, he finally chose to unleash that sword.

This was his ultimate killing move-the strongest strike he possessed upon entering the Imperial Phase.

"Jeff Ashcroft, I don't know what you've done, but this sword will take your life!"

He roared as the 3,000 sword domains surrounding him finally condensed into a single blade. Its brilliance pierced the sky, stretching across heaven and earth, suppressing the raging winds and towering waves of the sea.

"Myriad Worlds-Divided by One!"

Whoosh!

Sword light flooded half the sky as Homer unleashed the most powerful strike of his life.

The High Ebon was filled with dread. If he were the one facing that strike, he would have died on the spot-his spirit likely shredded

r beyond recovery.

The sword light surged, sword energy raging in all directions. At the center of it all stood Leander, expression unchanged. Just as the blade was about to strike him,

the corner of his lips lifted into a faint, mocking smile.

"Can the strength of an ant contend with an elephant?"

In the next instant, he casually drew a line through the air with one hand.

Crack!

The boundless sword light shattered completely, waves of energy surging upward.

At the same time, a burst of blood sprayed into the air. Countless people froze in horror, stunned into silence.

A head fell from the sky and plunged into the sea-it was Homer. Olivia Harris is an emerging author celebrated for her captivating romantic and steamy novels. With a talent for crafting deep emotional connections and fiery chemistry between her characters, Olivia's stories offer readers an escape into worlds filled with passion, intrigue, and heart-stopping drama.